

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue  
My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maiefty  
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,  
Least you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,  
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.  
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,  
Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.  
Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say  
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,  
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry  
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,  
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so vntender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:  
For by the sacred radiance of the Sunne,  
The miseries of *Heccat* and the night:  
By all the operation of the O. bes,  
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,  
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me,  
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,  
Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome  
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releu'd,  
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace Kent,  
Come not betwene the Dragon and his wrath,  
I lou'd her most, and thought to let my rest  
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:  
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue  
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirs?  
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,  
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,  
Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:  
I doe inuest you ioyntly with my power,  
Preheminence, and all the large effects  
That troope with Maiefty. Our selfe by Monthly course,  
With reseruation of an hundred Knights,  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turne, onely we shall retaine  
The name, and all th' addition to a King: the Sway,  
Reuennew, Execution of the rest,  
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,  
This Coronet part betwene you.

Kent. Royall Lear,

Whom I haue quer honor'd as my King,  
Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,  
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade  
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmanly,  
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou do old man?  
Think'st thou that dutie shall haue dread to speake,  
When power to flattery bowes?  
To plaining the honour's bound,  
When Maiefty falls to folly, reuerue thy state,  
And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:  
Thy yongest Daughter do's not loue thee least,  
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sounds  
Reuerbe no hollownesse.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne  
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to loose it,  
Thy safety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine  
The true blanke of thine eie.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*,

Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King  
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Miscreant.

Alb. Cor. Desre Sir forbeare.

Kent. Kill thy Physition, and thy fee bestow  
Vpon the foule disease, reuoke thy guift,  
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
Ile tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Heare me recreant, on thine allegiance heare me:  
That thou hast sought to make vs breake our vowes,  
Which we durst neuer yet; and with straine'd pride,  
To come betwixt our sentences, and our power,  
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;  
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.  
Five daies we do allot thee for prouision,  
To shield thee from disasters of the world,  
And on the sixth to turne thy hated backe  
Vpon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following,  
Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,  
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,  
Thou shalt not be reuok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, fith thus thou wilt appeare,  
Freedom lues hence, and banishment is here;  
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,  
That iustly think'st, and hast most rightly said:  
And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,  
That good effects may spring from words of loue:  
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,  
Hee'll shape his old course, in a Country new. Exit.

Flourish. Enter *Gloster* with *France*, and *Burgundy*, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,  
We first addresse to ward you, who with this King  
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least  
Will you require in present Dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bur. Most Royall Maiefty,  
I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,  
Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,  
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,  
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,  
If fought within that little seeming substance,  
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,  
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities she owes,  
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,  
Dow'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,  
Take her or, leaue her.

Bur. Par.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,

Election makes not vp in such conditions.

Lear. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made me,  
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,

I would not from your loue make such a stray,  
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you  
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,  
Then on a wretch whom Nature is asham'd  
Almost t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is most strange,  
That she whom euen but now, was your obiect,  
The argument of your praise, balme of your age,  
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time  
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle  
So many folds of fauour: sure her offence  
Must be of such vnaturall degree,  
That monsters it: Or your fore-voucht affection  
Fall into taint, which to beleue of her  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should neuer plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your Maiefty,  
If I want that glib and oylie Art,  
To speake and purpose not, since what I will intend,  
Ile do't before I speake, that you make knowe  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulnesse,  
No vnchaste action or dishonoured step  
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and fauour,  
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,  
A still solliciting eye, and such a tongue,  
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,  
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'st  
Not bene borne, then not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardinesse in nature,  
Which often leaues the history vnspoke  
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,  
What say you to the Lady? Loue's not loue  
When it is mingled with regards, that stands  
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?  
She is herselfe a Dowrie.

Bur. Royall King,  
Giue but that portion which your selfe propos'd,  
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,  
Dutcheffe of *Burgundie*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue sworne, I am firme.

Bur. I am sorry then you haue so lost a Father,

That you must loose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,  
Since that respect and Fortunes are his loue,  
I shall not be his wife.

Fra. Fairest *Cordelia*, that art most rich being poore,  
Most choise forsaken, and most lou'd despis'd,

Thee and thy vertues here I seize vpon,  
Be it lawfull I take vp what's cast away.

Gods, Gods! 'Tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect  
My Loue should kindle to enflam'd respect.  
Thy dowrelesse Daughter King, throwne to my chance,  
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:

Not all the Dukes of watrish *Burgundy*,  
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.

Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,  
Thou lookest here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou hast her *France*, let her be thine, for we  
Haue no such Daughter, nor shall euer see  
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,  
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:

Exit *France*, *Burgundy*, and Attendants.

Cor. O that I had some new attire,  
To put off this old skin of mine,  
That I might see you with a new face,  
And not with this old face of mine.

Lear. I have said, I have said, I have said,  
I have said, I have said, I have said,  
I have said, I have said, I have said,  
I have said, I have said, I have said.

Exit *Lear*.

Come Noble *Burgundie*

Fra. Bid farewell to y

Cor. The Iewels of

*Cordelia* leaues you, I kn

And like a Sister am mo

Your faults as they are n

To your professed bosom

But yet alas, stood I wi

I would prefer him to a

So farewell to you both

Regn. Prescribe not v

Gon. Let your study

Be to content your Lord

At Fortunes almes, you h

And well are worth the v

Cor. Time shall vnfo

Who couers faults, at last

Well may you prosper.

Fra. Come my faire C

Gon. Sister, it is not li

Of what most neerely ap

I thinke our Father will

Reg. That's most certa

Gon. You see how fu

seruation we haue made

lou'd our Sister most, and

hath now cast her off, app

Reg. 'Tis the infirm

slenderly knowne himsel

Gon. The best and fo

raih, then must we looke

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therewithall the varly

cholericke yeares bring v

Reg. Such vnconstant

him, as this of *Kent*'s ban

Gon. There is further c

weene *France* and him, pr

Father carry authority wi

this last surrender of his v

Reg. We shall further

Gon. We must do som

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Enter

Bast. Thou Nature a

My seruices are bound, w

Stand in the plague of cu

The curiosity of Nations,

For that I am some twelu

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When my Dimensions ar

My minde as generous, ar

As honest Madams issue

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Who in the lustie stealth

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Legitimate *Edgar*, I must

Our Fathers loue, is to th

As to th'legitimate: fine